

\$1.50

JAM

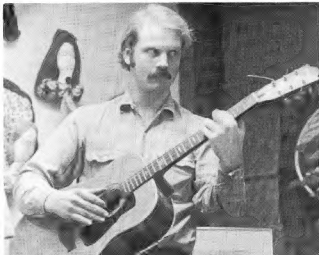
A NEW ALBUM OF FABLES!



ROBERTA GREGORY PHIL YEH
TERRY PRIESTLEY DON DE CONTRERAS
LYNN RICKETTS PHRED BORREGO
BRAD SCHENCK TOM D. LUTH

roberta gregory

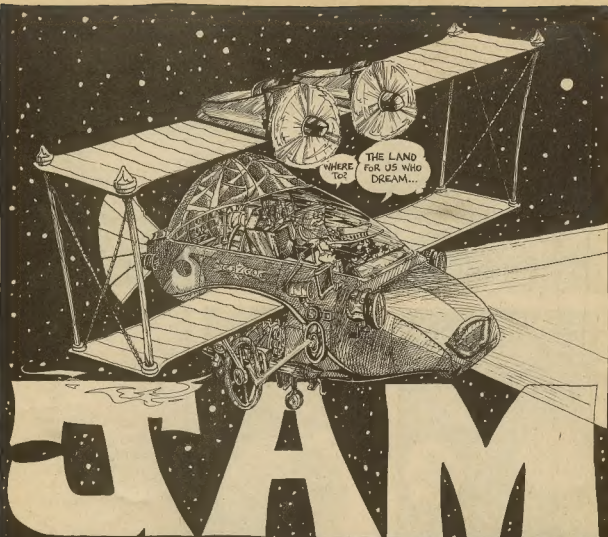
don decontreras



tom luth



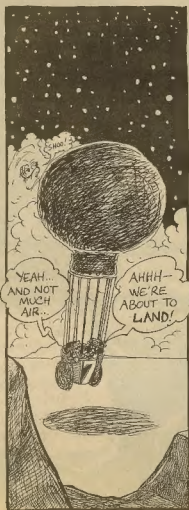
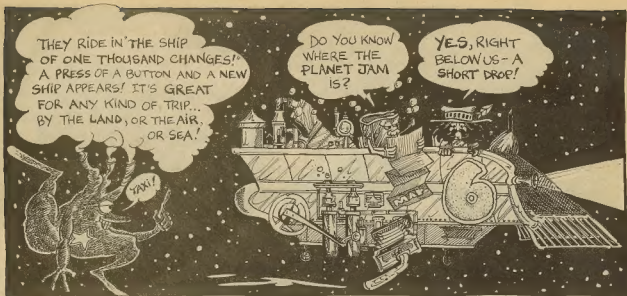
phred borrego



A Story by Phillip Yeh

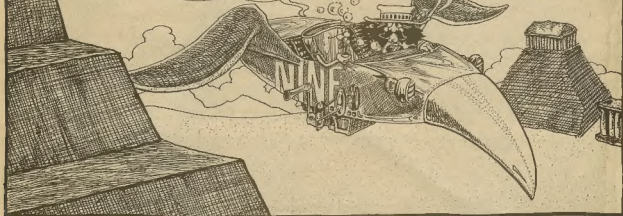


INDEED, THE STARS DO SPEAK ON THE PLANET JAM, A LAND WHERE DREAMERS HAVE TRAVELED SINCE THE BEGINNING OF TIME. JOIN US NOW ON SHIP NUMBER FIVE AS CAZCO AND HIS FRIEND, BOOK, PREPARE TO VISIT A DREAM...



IT'S HARD TO IMAGINE
A WORLD IN TOTAL
HARMONY, CAZCO.

YES, BUT HERE ON JAM,
OUR DREAMS HAVE FINALLY
BECOME REALITY.



NO MORE
POVERTY.
NO MORE
CRIME.

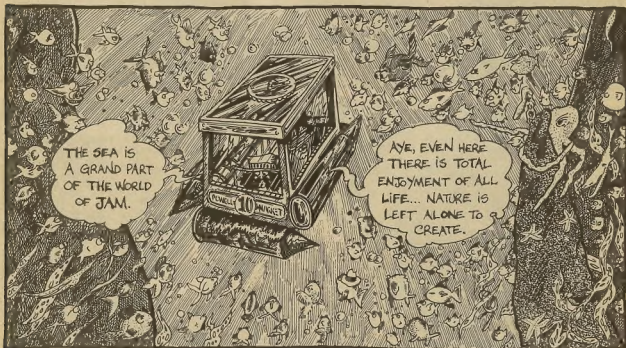
IT IS A
LAND OF
HOPE.

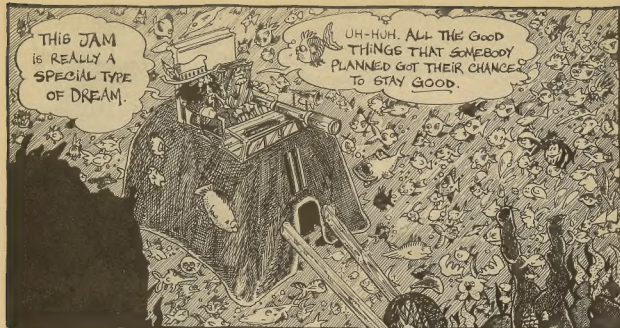


LOOK! WATER!
COLD AND CLEAN.
IT SOLVES OUR
THIRST.

OUR THIRST FOR
A TIME WHEN ALL
LIFE WAS FRESH.







I WONDER WHY
JAM IS SUCH A
PERFECT PLACE?

NO
PEOPLE,
I
GUESS.




The
End
★ Phil
Hitch ★ '76

Morno's Masterpiece


(a true fable)

by Brad Schenck 7/6/77



There was once a little man in the Kingdom of Nogole who didn't fit in. He tried to fit in a palace, but he was too short; he tried to fit in a library, but he laughed at all the things they thought were serious. And they took everything seriously.

He worked for a little while as a barber, but his boss told him to shave off his beard. And the little man loved his beard. They kicked him out.



So the little man, whose name was Morno, built a stand by the beach on the Nogoleville Road. There he painted pictures on rocks and shells and houses and walls, and he drew on carts and castles and mighty halls, and people paid him with whatever they had.



So Morno built a house and lived there between jobs. And people saw the huge painting he did for the Nogoleville Bank, and the pictures that so many people had bought; and when they saw his billboard on the roadside they thought of all the things they'd like him to draw. So he built his house a little bigger. And those people showed his drawings to their friends. Before long he added a tower and soon had glass in every window. And it seemed to him that he'd finally found the place where he fitted in.



Before long everyone heard about Momo, and from Erblog Lane to Candlestick Street everybody had one of his pictures.

Now it was very late one night, and Momo had just put down his hookah when he discovered something: no one in Nogge had seen before him; he found the color purple. It may be hard to believe, but no one in Nogge had ever seen or heard of such a thing.

Indeed, I think purple had been around all that time just waiting for a shaggy little man named Momo to find it. So he ran out with his piece of purple, and yelled, "Look, everyone! It's purple!" But it was awfully late, and since no one lived close by, Momo went inside and ground the purple into some paint.



People knocked on Momo's door the next day, and the next, and the day after that, but no one answered. The postmen stayed especially long, for he had some very important papers for Momo, but he finally left. He was very unhappy. Then a messenger from the king came galloping up and tied his horse at Momo's gate. He knocked and rang for quite awhile, and had given up when the door slowly opened and Momo stepped out. He had bags under his eyes, his shirt was dirty, and had forgotten to put on his shoes, but he

was wearing the happiest smile the messenger had ever seen in Nogge, or near it.

"Sir," began the messenger,

"The king is very disturbed that you haven't filled out your income tax forms. After all, you didn't even answer the door when the postmen brought them. That was hardly polite."

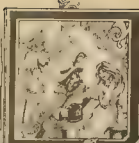
"Income tax asked Momo, 'What? Young man, I have just finished my masterpiece.'"



All of Nogue buzzed with the news. The headlines said, "MORNO UNVEILING AT PALACE" or "MORNO MISTERPIECE TO BE SHOWN YOND..." or simply, "WHA?"



And people talked as people will do, the days passed until it was time. And what a time it was!



Bands played and children ran through the streets throwing flowers and growups tried to have a good time and still look respectable. Those who had a good time didn't look too respectable, but the ones who looked respectable didn't have much fun.

The people cheered as Morno bowed.



There is a man in a suit, the queen and the prince. He is a man in a suit, the queen and the prince. He is a man in a suit, the queen and the prince.

He is a man in a suit, the queen and the prince. He is a man in a suit, the queen and the prince. He is a man in a suit, the queen and the prince.

There is a man in a suit, the queen and the prince. He is a man in a suit, the queen and the prince. He is a man in a suit, the queen and the prince.

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He is a man in a suit, the queen and the prince. He is a man in a suit, the queen and the prince. He is a man in a suit, the queen and the prince.

Momo didn't know what to think. He sat alone, in chains far under the King's castle, in a dungeon older than your grandparents. He'd worked so hard on the painting, but all anyone saw was a blank canvas. Why? He fingered a bottle in his pocket, full of the purple paint. He had an idea. "Guards! Hey, there!" he called through the barred window. When the guard finally came Momo held up the bottle, asking, "what do you see in here?"

The guard laughed and said he was crazy. There's nuthin' in that bottle. And he stomped away down the hall. So Momo painted himself purple from head to toe and waited. His dinner came, and while everyone wondered where he was he slipped out and left the castle. A few people on the road looked twice, as though they thought they saw a purple artist walking by, but naturally they didn't believe it. He even started whistling, but nobody in Noggle could hear a purple whistle anyhow.

When he reached his house Momo stopped still in his purple boots: a crowd of townspeople and several reporters were walking around and staring right through his house, which someone had painted purple from floor to roof. A thin wisp of smoke pazed from the chimney, but no one in Noggle could smell a purple fire.

Momo laughed a purple laugh as they guessed about the missing house. Then he walked up his purple porch, through the purple door, and stepped in.

He admired his new purple rug and matching drapes, and smiled as he scratched his purple dog between the ears. Then he walked into the kitchen, where Princess Heather, in a purple apron, had just finished cooking his dinner.

"It really is a lovely color," she said.

MORAL

The most beautiful things
are the ones no one else can see.



Horses are Special

By Rosetta Gregory

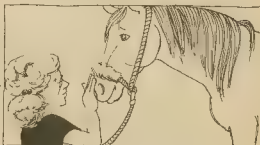
A LOT OF GIRLS REALLY LIKE HORSES. AND BETH WAS NO DIFFERENT. SHE READ EVERY HORSE BOOK AND STORY SHE COULD FIND—SOME SHE HAD READ TWICE! SHE DREW PICTURES OF HORSES BETTER THAN ANYTHING ELSE AND SHE CUT HORSE PICTURES OUT OF MAGAZINES AND TAPED THEM UP ALL OVER HER ROOM. SOMETIMES, WHEN SHE PLAYED, SHE PRETENDED TO BE A HORSE. SHE EVEN WROTE HER OWN STORIES OF WILD AND WONDERFUL HORSES.



AND BEST OF ALL, ONCE A MONTH WHEN SHE GOT HER ALLOWANCE MONEY TOGETHER, SHE'D RIDE FOR TWO HOURS AT THE CITY STABLES. SHE RODE VERY WELL, EVEN IF THE HORSE MADE SUDDEN STOPS OR HAD A ROUGH TROT.



A LOT OF THE GIRLS AND BOYS AT SCHOOL MADE FUN OF BETH BECAUSE SHE ALWAYS HAD A HORSE BOOK WITH HER. A FEW TIMES, BETH HAD TRIED TO EXPLAIN HOW SPECIAL AND WONDERFUL AND BEAUTIFUL HORSES WERE TO HER, BUT THE OTHER KIDS JUST LAUGHED AT HER. THEY CALLED HER THINGS LIKE "HORSEY BETH" AND "BETH THE HORSE NUT" AND OTHER UNKIND NAMES.

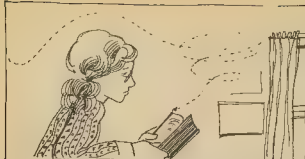


SO BETH DECIDED THAT HER TRULY BEST FRIENDS WERE THE HORSES!

HER FAVORITE HORSE AT THE STABLES WAS MOLLY WHO WAS WHITE WITH CRAZY BROWN PATCHES OR MAYBE BROWN WITH CRAZY WHITE PATCHES. BETH TRIED TO GET TO THE STABLES EARLY ON RIDING DAYS, BUT SOME TIMES MOLLY HAD ALREADY BEEN TAKEN OUT.



HOW WONDERFUL IT WOULD BE IF BETH COULD HAVE A HORSE OF HER OWN—A SPECIAL HORSE SHE COULD RIDE WHENEVER SHE PLEASED! BUT BETH HAD HEARD THAT HORSES COST A LOT OF MONEY! SHE'D HAVE TO SAVE HER ALLOWANCE MONEY FOR YEARS, AND SHE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO RIDE IN THE MEANTIME. BUT STILL, BETH DREAMED ABOUT A HORSE OF HER OWN.



SO, ONE DAY BETH WAS READING A BOOK ABOUT WILD HORSES AND SORT OF DAYDREAMING BECAUSE SHE HAD READ IT BEFORE, WHEN SHE SUDDENLY SAW SOMETHING LIKE A SMALL FLY THAT FLEW IN CIRCLES AND LANDED ON THE PAGE SHE WAS READING

BETH LOOKED CLOSER, AND WAS REALLY SURPRISED! IT WAS A TINY HORSE WITH WINGS! WHEN BETH PUT HER FACE CLOSER TO GET A BETTER LOOK, IT JUMPED SIDEWAYS JUST AS A FRIGHTENED HORSE WOULD, AND IT STARED AT HER WITH LARGE EYES



BETH COULDN'T BELIEVE IT! SHE LOOKED AROUND BUT NOBODY WAS NEAR. SHE PUT HER FINGER BY THE TINY HORSE THE HORSE SNIFFED IT AND CLIMBED ON. BETH BROUGHT IT CLOSE TO HER FACE, BEING VERY CAREFUL SO IT WOULDN'T FALL OFF. THE HORSE WAS LIGHT BROWN, AND ITS WINGS WERE GRAY



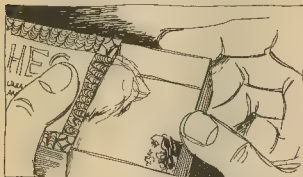
"BUT I DON'T FEEL WELL," THE HORSE CONTINUED. "I'M OLD AND I NEED TO REST AND GET WELL. I KNEW YOU WERE A SPECIAL PERSON BECAUSE YOU LOVE HORSES SO MUCH. I THOUGHT YOU WOULD HELP ME."

"OF COURSE I WILL!" SAID BETH SHE WAS TALKING TO THE TINY HORSE AND WAS NO LONGER SURPRISED.

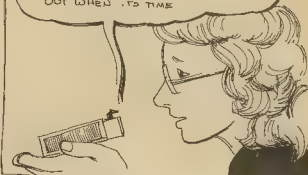
"I NEED A DARK, QUIET PLACE TO SLEEP FOR A LONG TIME AND I NEED TO EAT BREAD AND HONEY FOR MY STRENGTH AND I NEED A SOFT BED BECAUSE I HURT ALL OVER. CAN YOU DO IT?"



AND BETH DID. SHE FOUND A MATCHBOX AND SHE PUT SOME COTTON IN IT FOR A SOFT BED. IN THE OTHER END SHE PUT A LITTLE PIECE OF WHOLE-WHEAT BREAD WITH A FEW DROPS OF HONEY ON IT.



PLEASE DON'T OPEN THE BOX WHEN I'M READY, I'LL COME OUT LEAVE IT OPEN JUST A BIT SO I CAN GET OUT WHEN ITS TIME



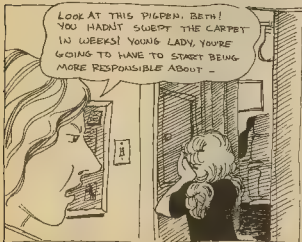
SO, BETH PUT THE MATCH-BOX UNDER HER BED, AND EVERY DAY SHE'D LOOK AT IT, BUT SHE WOULDN'T OPEN IT IT WAS HARD NOT TO! SHE WAS VERY, VERY QUIET WHEN SHE WAS IN HER ROOM, AND SHE KEPT THE DOOR CLOSED WHEN SHE WAS AWAY SHE KEPT EVERYONE OUT OF HER ROOM, ESPECIALLY HER FRIENDS WITH LOUD VOICES. AND SHE CERTAINLY DID NOT TELL THEM SHE HAD A HORSE IN A MATCHBOX UNDER THE BED! THEY WOULD HAVE THOUGHT SHE WAS JUST PLAIN CRAZY!



BUT, ONE DAY A FEW WEEKS LATER, WHEN BETH CAME HOME FROM RIDING, SHE FOUND HER MOTHER VACUUMING THE ROOM! BETH'S BED WAS PUSHED TO ONE SIDE AND THE MATCH-BOX WAS IN THE WASTEBASKET BETH RAN TO THE WASTEBASKET AND TOOK THE BOX OUT. BUT, EXCEPT FOR THE COTTON, IT WAS EMPTY!



LOOK AT THIS PIGPEN, BETH! YOU HADN'T SWEPT THE CARPET IN WEEKS! YOUNG LADY, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO START BEING MORE RESPONSIBLE ABOUT -



BETH CRIED, BUT NOT BECAUSE OF THE SCOLDING HER MOTHER HAD GIVEN HER.

AFTER HER MOTHER LEFT, BETH WAS STARING OUT THE WINDOW FEELING VERY HURT AND EMPTY, WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN SHE HEARD A TINY VOICE SAYING --



IT WAS THE TINY HORSE BUT NOW IT WAS TWICE AS BIG AND ITS COAT WAS A SHINY, BRIGHT BROWN, LIKE MOM'S NEW TABLE, AND ITS WINGS WERE RAINBOW-COLORED.



IT'S ALL RIGHT. IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT. I HAD ENOUGH TIME TO REGAIN MY HEALTH TONIGHT YOU'LL BE REWARDED FOR YOUR KINDNESS.



BETH WAS SO EXCITED, SHE COULD HARDLY EAT HER DINNER! THAT EVENING, JUST BEFORE SHE WAS ABOUT TO GO TO BED, THE HORSE WHO HAD BEEN HIDING BETWEEN HER HORSE BOOKS, FLEW AROUND HER HEAD



SO, BETH AND THE HORSE WENT OUT TO THE PARK.



BETH THOUGHT THIS WAS RATHER ODD BUT AFTER ALL THE THINGS THAT HAD HAPPENED TO HER SO FAR, SHE DIDN'T THINK ANYTHING COULD BE IMPOSSIBLE! SO, SHE CLOSED HER EYES AND BLEW THE HORSE BEGAN TO GROW LARGER AND HEAVIER, UNTIL SHE WAS HOLDING IT IN BOTH HANDS. FINALLY, SHE HAD TO SET THE HORSE ON THE GROUND, BUT SHE KEPT HER EYES TIGHTLY SHUT AND HUFFED AND PUFFED ALL THE WHILE.



"CLIMB ON!" SAID THE HORSE BETH DID THEN THE HORSE BEGAN TO TROT ACROSS AN OPEN FIELD- IT HAD A VERY SMOOTH TROT THEN IT BEGAN TO GALLOP AND THEN ITS WINGS BEGAN TO MOVE. AND -



THEY SOARED UP INTO THE COLD NIGHT SKY BETH STARTED TO GET DIZZY, BUT SHE HELD ON TIGHT TO THE HORSE'S MANE THE WIND AND THE CLOUDS RUSHED PAST, AND THE DARK LAND BELOW THEM WAS ALL BURY.



THEY FLEW A LITTLE LONGER, AND THEN .



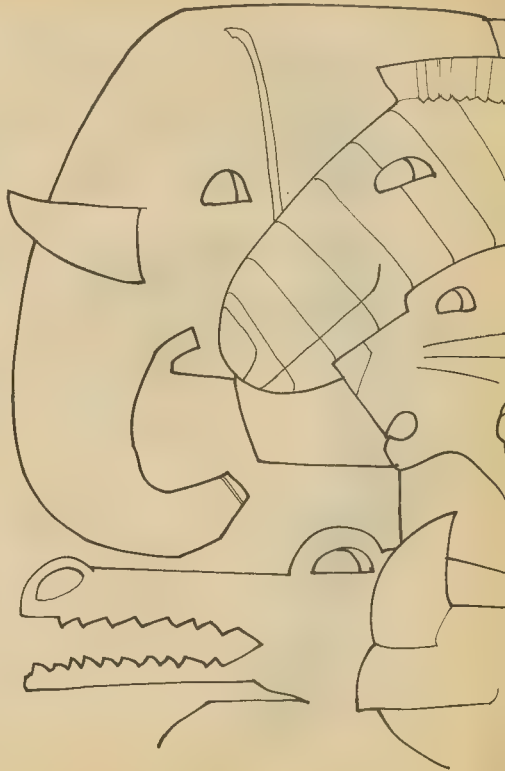
IT'S SIMPLE YOU LOVE HORSES BECAUSE YOU KNOW WE'RE SPECIAL HORSES LOVE GIRLS WHO LOVE US- THAT MAKES YOU SPECIAL, TOO!



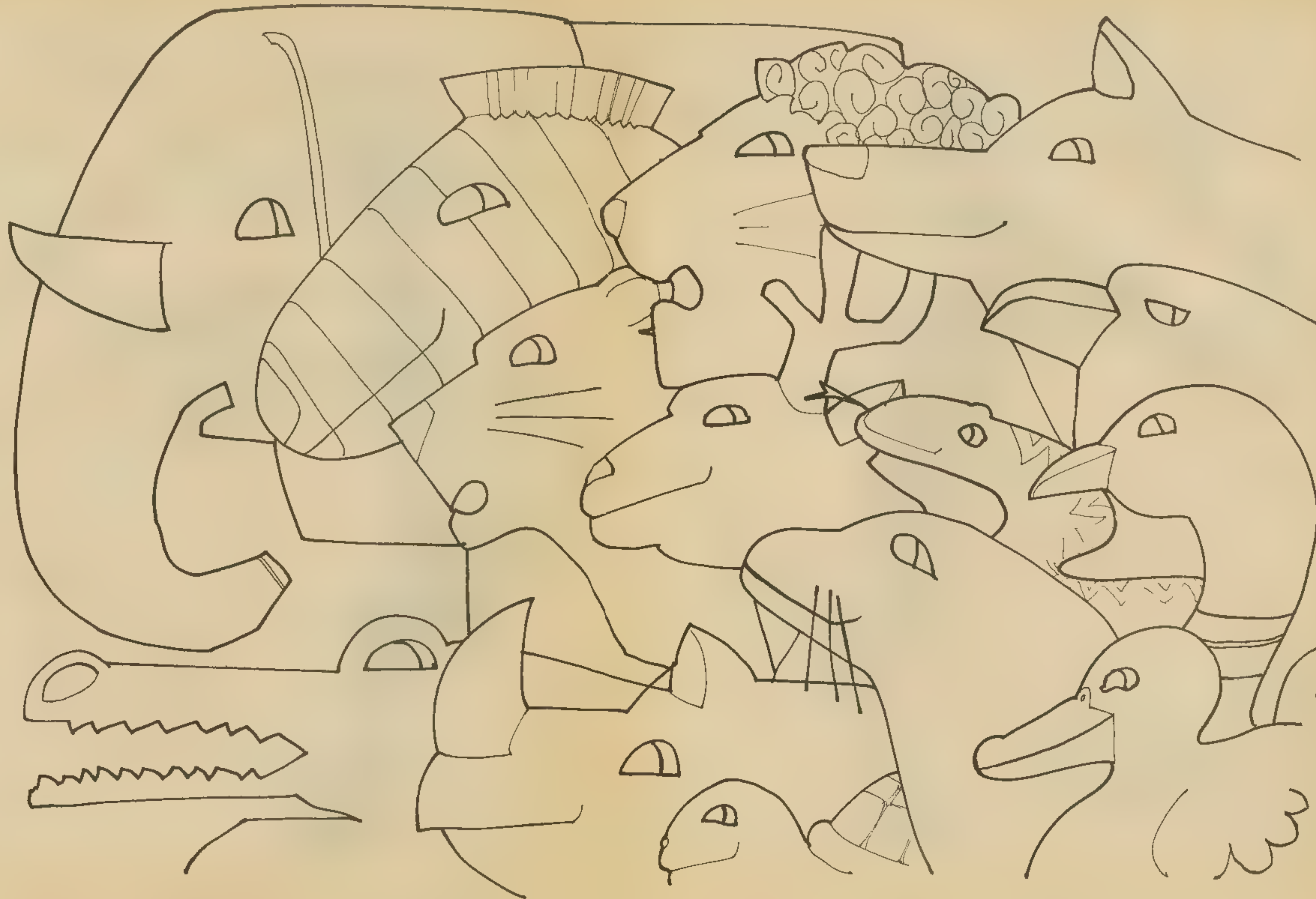
THEY LANDED IN A LAND OF HORSES HORSES OF ALL SIZES, HORSES OF ALL COLORS, COLORS BETH HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE ON A HORSE. ALL THE HORSES COULD TALK, AND THEY ALL SPOKE OF WONDERFUL THINGS THE LAND WAS VERY BEAUTIFUL, WITH GREEN GRASS, AND GENTLE RIVERS AND FRUIT TREES- IT WAS DAYTIME IN THE LAND OF HORSES, AND THE SKY WAS SPARKLING



COLOR US



COLOR US



L. RICKETTS



L. RICKETTS

BETH TALKED TO THE HORSES AND ATE FRUIT FROM THE TREES SHE
RODE AND RAN WITH THE HORSES AND WOVE FLOWERS INTO THEIR MANES



IT WILL SOON BE MORNING
WHERE YOU LIVE YOU MUST
GO BACK NOW



AFTER BETH RETURNED TO THE PARK,
THE HORSE BECAME SMALL AGAIN

I WANT TO VISIT SOME OTHER
SPECIAL LITTLE GIRLS BUT I'LL
RETURN IN A MONTH, AND YOU
CAN COME BACK FOR A VISIT!

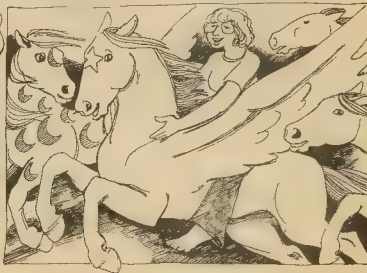


BETH HAD TAKEN BACK A LOVELY BRACELET SHE HAD
WOVEN FROM THE LONG BRIGHT GREEN HAIRS FROM A HORSE'S
TAIL THAT WAS THE ONLY THING THAT KEPT HER FROM THINKING
THIS HAD ALL BEEN A DREAM! BETH WASN'T EVEN TIRED AFTER
BEING AWAKE ALL NIGHT IN THE LAND OF HORSES SHE FELT
STRONGER AND MORE REFRESHED THAN IF SHE HAD SLEPT ALL
NIGHT. BETH STOPPED GOING TO THE STABLES, BECAUSE ONCE
A MONTH WHEN THE MOON WAS HALF FULL SHE SPENT A NIGHT
WITH HORSES FAR MORE MARVELOUS THAN ANY AT THE CITY
STABLES! AND, SHE SAVED HER ALLOWANCE MONEY, SO THAT
ONE DAY PERHAPS SHE MIGHT HAVE THAT EXTRA-SPECIAL
HORSE THAT WOULD BE HER VERY OWN! WHO KNEW RIGHT
NOW... PERHAPS, OR PERHAPS NOT. MAYBE SOMEDAY...



BETH ISN'T
GOING TO
THE STABLES
ANYMORE.

I HOPE THIS MEANS
SHE'S GETTING OVER
THIS HORSE CRAZINESS
OF HER'S!



A Tale of Two Castles

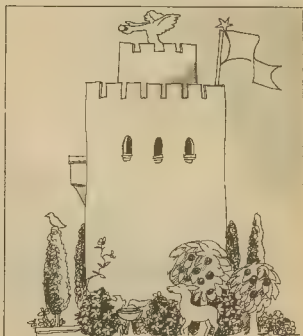
WORDS
TERRY PRIESTLEY
PICTURES
ROBERTA
GREGORY



ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE WAS A SMALL VILLAGE WHICH RESTED IN A VALLEY BETWEEN TWO HIGH HILLS. UPON EACH OF THE HILLS STOOD A CASTLE.



ONE OF THE CASTLES WAS BLACK AND VERY DESOLATE-LOOKING. ALL AROUND IT GREW BRIARS AND WILD CREATURES ROAMED FREELY AROUND IT.



THE OTHER CASTLE WAS WHITE AND VERY PLEASING TO LOOK AT. AROUND IT GREW BEAUTIFUL AND CAREFULLY-TENDED GARDENS FILLED WITH TAME WHITE DOVES.



IN THE BLACK CASTLE LIVED AN EVIL KING WHO ALWAYS DRESSED IN BLACK.



IN THE WHITE CASTLE LIVED A GOOD KING WHO ALWAYS DRESSED IN WHITE.



EVERY SPRING THE TWO KINGS WOULD GET UP ON THE PARAPETS OF THEIR CASTLES AND SHOUT SPEECHES DOWN AT THE VILLAGE BELOW. THE PURPOSE OF THESE SPEECHES WAS TO RECRUIT YOUNG MEN INTO THEIR RESPECTIVE ARMIES. THE EVIL KING WOULD PROMISE THE YOUNG MEN RICHES AND PLUNDER IF THEY WOULD HELP HIM TAKE THE VILLAGE.



THE GOOD KING WOULD PROMISE THE YOUNG MEN GLORY AND HONOR IF THEY WOULD JOIN HIM IN RIGHTEOUS BATTLE.



EVERY SPRING, THE CLVER MEN SMILED WRYLY WHEN THEY HEARD THE SPEECHES, BUT THEY TURNED BACK TO THEIR WORK AND WOULD NOT GO WITH THE KINGS



HOWEVER ABOUT AN EQUAL NUMBER OF THE IMPRESSIONABLE YOUNG MEN WOULD JOIN EITHER OF THE ARMIES YOUNG WOMEN, GIRLFRIENDS OF THE DEPARTING SOLDIERS-TO-BE, WEPT AND PLEADED WITH THEM TO STAY. WHEN THEY SAW IT WAS TO NO AVAIL, THEY SWORE LOVE AND FIDELITY FOREVER AND KISSED THEM GOODBYE.



AFTER DRILLING FOR MANY MONTHS, THE TWO ARMIES MET IN LATE SUMMER ON A PLAIN SEVERAL MILES FROM THE VILLAGE. THERE THEY FOUGHT A BLOODY AND FEARSOME BATTLE THAT LASTED FOR WEEKS. MANY OF THE YOUNG MEN WERE KILLED. MANY MORE WERE WOUNDED AND HAD TO GO HOME AFTER AWHILE, THERE WERE NOT ENOUGH SOLDIERS LEFT TO FIGHT. THE WAR ENDED



THOSE WHO RETURNED HOME WERE HAPPILY WELCOMED BY FAMILY AND FRIENDS BUT SOME FOUND THAT WHILE THEY HAD BEEN DRILLING AND FIGHTING, THEIR LOVERS HAD FOUND OTHERS TO TAKE THEIR PLACE

AND SO IT WENT- YEAR... AFTER YEAR AFTER YEAR... BEING THE "GOOD KING" TOOK A LOT OF ENERGY OUT OF THE MAN WHO LIVED IN THE WHITE CASTLE. AFTER SO MANY YEARS OF WORKING HIMSELF AND OTHERS INTO RIGHTEOUS FRENZY, HE FINALLY SUCCEMBED. EARLY ONE MORNING, IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS MOST RIGHTEOUS SPEECH, HE HAD A STROKE...



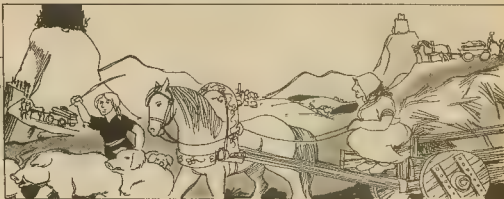


... AND DIED RIGHT THERE ON HIS PARAPET.

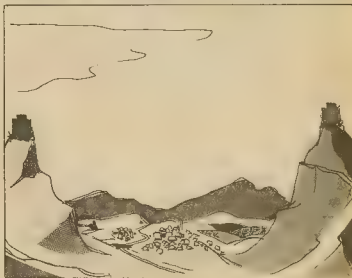


WHEN THE EVIL KING SAW THIS, HE REJOICED AND PREPARED A HUGE FEAST TO CELEBRATE HIS LONG-AWAITED VICTORY AT THE BANQUET. IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS MOST EVIL SPEECH OF RICHES AND PLUNDER HE HAD A HEART ATTACK AND DIED MOMENTS LATER LYING OVER HIS VICTORY ROAST PIG.

THE PEOPLE OF THE VILLAGE GAVE BOTH KINGS VERY RESPECTFUL FUNERALS AND BURIED THEM IN THE VAULTS OF THEIR CASTLES. THEY THEN WENT BACK TO THEIR VILLAGE, AND, CONTINUING THEIR FARMING, LIVED PEACEFULLY EVER AFTER.



AS THE YEARS PASSED, THE TWO CASTLES FELL INTO A STATE OF DISREPAIR. THE WHITE CASTLE BECAME OVERGROWN WITH WEEDS, AND DARK AND DIRTY. WILD CREATURES ROAMED FREELY AROUND IT



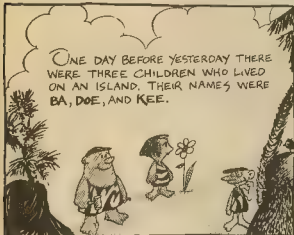
SOON, NO ONE COULD TELL THE CASTLES APART, OR EVEN REMEMBER WHICH HAD BEEN WHICH



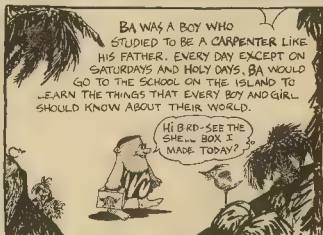
Magna, Bon, and the Wave

STORY-DON DECONTRERAS
ART-PHIL YEH

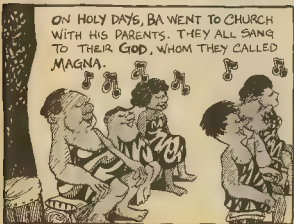
ONE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY THERE WERE THREE CHILDREN WHO LIVED ON AN ISLAND. THEIR NAMES WERE BA, DOE, AND KEE.



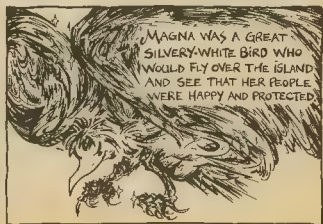
BA WAS A BOY WHO STUDIED TO BE A CARPENTER LIKE HIS FATHER. EVERY DAY EXCEPT ON SATURDAYS AND HOLY DAYS, BA WOULD GO TO THE SCHOOL ON THE ISLAND TO LEARN THE THINGS THAT EVERY BOY AND GIRL SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THEIR WORLD.



ON HOLY DAYS, BA WENT TO CHURCH WITH HIS PARENTS. THEY ALL SANG TO THEIR GOD, WHOM THEY CALLED MAGNA.



MAGNA WAS A GREAT SILVERY-WHITE BIRD WHO WOULD FLY OVER THE ISLAND AND SEE THAT HER PEOPLE WERE HAPPY AND PROTECTED.



DOE, A GIRL ON THE ISLAND, WAS NOT A BELIEVER IN MAGNA.
HER PEOPLE WERE FAITHFUL TO THEIR GOD, WHOM THEY CALLED BON



BON WAS A MAGNIFICENT BLUE DOLPHIN
WHO WOULD CIRCLE THE ISLAND AND
SEE THAT HIS PEOPLE WERE SAFE AND
CONTENT.

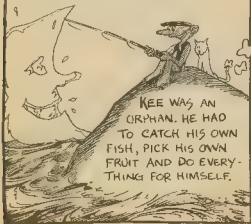
LIKE BA, DOE WENT TO SCHOOL TO
LEARN ABOUT LIFE - THE 'HOWS
OF LIFE, NOT THE 'WHYS'
THE 'WHYS' WERE EITHER THE WILL
OF BON OR MAGNA, WHO WERE
NEVER TALKED ABOUT IN SCHOOL



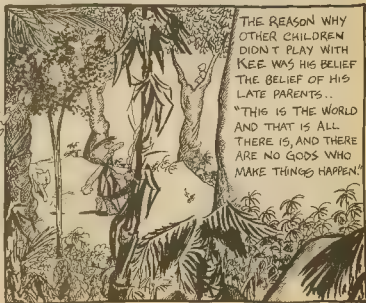
BON AND MAGNA WERE TALKED ABOUT OUTSIDE
THE SCHOOL; BUT THE PEOPLE WHO BELIEVED IN
BON WOULD ALWAYS END UP FIGHTING WITH
THE PEOPLE WHO BELIEVED IN MAGNA.



THERE WAS A PERSON ON THE ISLAND
THAT NOBODY FOUGHT WITH.
IN FACT, HE DIDN'T HAVE ANY
FRIENDS HIS NAME WAS KEE.



KEE WAS AN
ORPHAN. HE HAD
TO CATCH HIS OWN
FISH, PICK HIS OWN
FRUIT AND DO EVERY-
THING FOR HIMSELF.



THE REASON WHY
OTHER CHILDREN
DIDN'T PLAY WITH
KEE WAS HIS BELIEF
THE BELIEF OF HIS
LATE PARENTS..

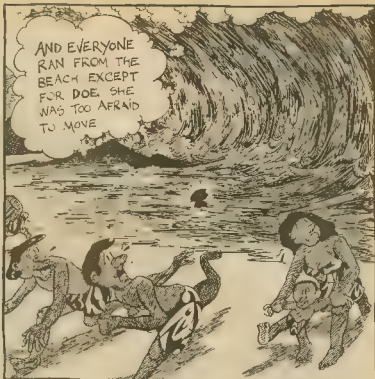
"THIS IS THE WORLD
AND THAT IS ALL
THERE IS, AND THERE
ARE NO GODS WHO
MAKE THINGS HAPPEN."

ONE SATURDAY, THE DAY FOR
FUN AND GAMES, FROM THE
HIGHEST CLIFF ON THE ISLAND,
THERE CAME A SHOUT...

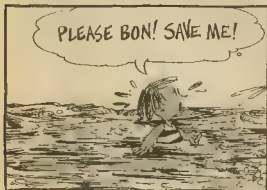
**SANUM!
SANUM!**
(GIANT WAVE!)



AND EVERYONE
RAN FROM THE
BEACH EXCEPT
FOR DOE. SHE
WAS TOO AFRAID
TO MOVE

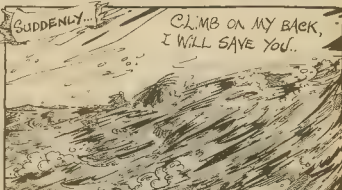


PLEASE BON! SAVE ME!

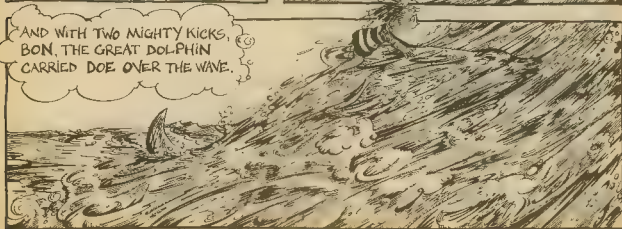


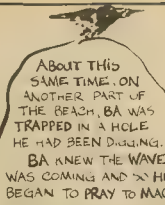
SUDDENLY...

CLIMB ON MY BACK,
I WILL SAVE YOU.



AND WITH TWO MIGHTY KICKS,
BON, THE GREAT DOLPHIN
CARRIED DOE OVER THE WAVE.

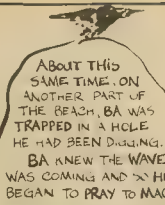




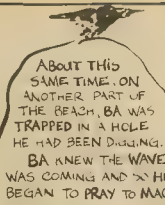
ABOUT THIS
SAME TIME, ON
ANOTHER PART OF
THE BEACH, BA WAS
TRAPPED IN A HOLE
HE HAD BEEN DIGGING.

BA KNEW THE WAVE
WAS COMING AND SO HE
BEGAN TO PRAY TO MAGNA

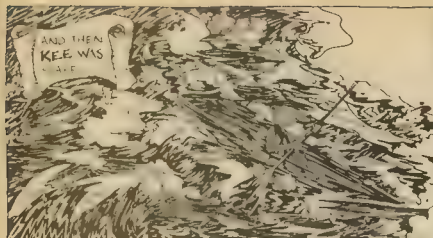
OH PLEASE DEAR MAGNA- I'M STUCK IN
THIS HOLE AND I KNOW YOU HAVE
ALL KINDS OF IMPORTANT STUFF TO DO,
BUT COULD YOU PLEASE GET ME OUT
OF THIS HOLE? PLEASE!?



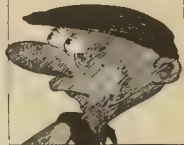
AND SUDDENLY BA
WAS LIFTED HIGH
INTO THE AIR BY THE
GREAT BIRD MAGNA

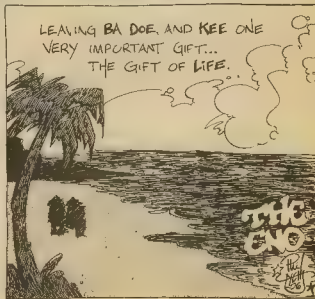
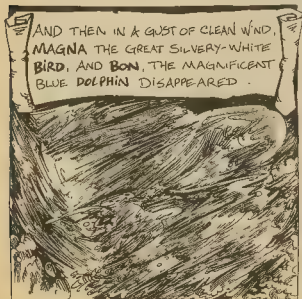
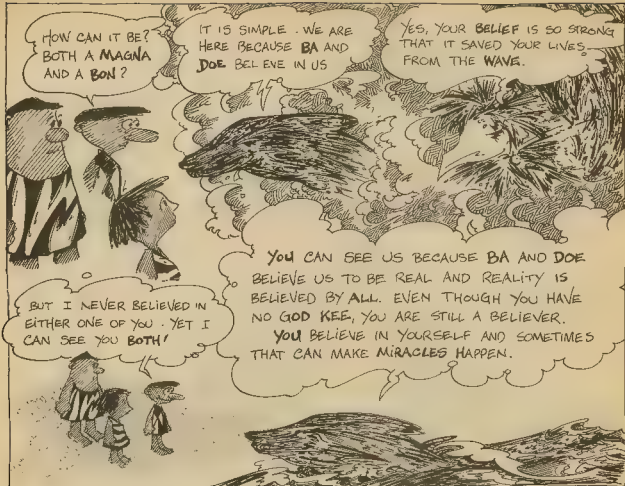


KEE HAD ALSO SEEN THE COMING OF THE
GIANT WAVE AND HE KNEW THERE WASN'T
ANY SAFE SPOTS ON THE ISLAND. SO KEE
GOT INTO HIS LITTLE CANOE AND WITH ALL
HIS STRENGTH PADDLED TOWARD THE GIANT
WAVE.



BUT AS HE LOOKED
BACK AT THE ISLAND,
HE KNEW HIS HOME
WAS GONE ..





A PET IS

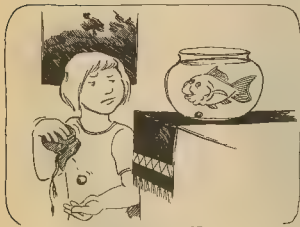
SUCH A GOOD FRIEND!

WORDS:
TERRY PRIESTLEY

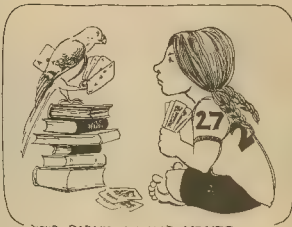
PICTURES:
ROBERTA
GREGORY



A PET IS SUCH A GOOD FRIEND



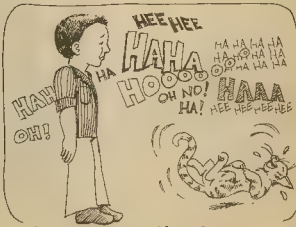
YOUR GOLDFISH WOULD NEVER STEAL
YOUR MARBLES.



YOUR PARAKEET WOULD NEVER
CHEAT AT CARDS



YOUR HAMSTER WOULD NEVER TELL ON YOU.



YOUR CAT WOULD NEVER LAUGH AT
YOUR NEW HAIRCUT.



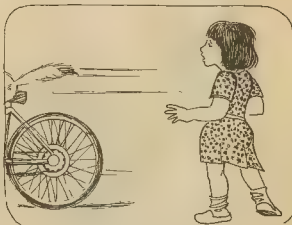
YOUR SNAKE WOULD NEVER CALL
YOU NAMES



YOUR TURTLE WOULD NEVER HAVE
A PARTY WITHOUT YOU



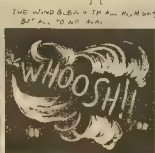
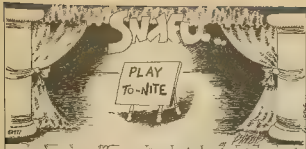
YOUR RABBIT WOULD NEVER EAT UP
ALL THE LICORICE JELLY BEANS BEFORE
YOU GOT ANY.



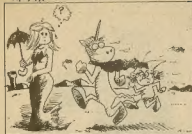
YOUR DOG WOULD NEVER RIDE ITS
NEW BIKE WITHOUT LETTING YOU TRY
IT AT LEAST ONCE



A PET IS SUCH A GOOD FRIEND BECAUSE IT LOVES YOU



THEY RAN UNTIL THEY MET...



THUNDER!!



AND SO...



PRESENTLY THEY RAN INTO...



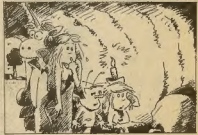
LIGHT LISTENED CAREFULLY TO THEIR TALK...



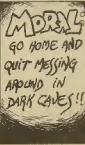
...AND WENT TO INVESTIGATE...



...AND SURE ENOUGH WITH LIGHT THERE WAS NO DARKNESS TO FRIGHTEN THEM...



BUT BY THEN IT HAD STOPPED RAINING FOR QUITE SOME TIME...





brad schenck



phil yeh

JAM was recorded live in Long Beach, California in 1976. Final mixing was done at Eastwind Studios, Long Beach. Photos and colour by Tom Luth. Produced by Phil Yeh and Roberta Gregory. Thanks to Don DeContreras on percussion, Brad Schenck on guitar, Phred Borrego on earth, and Lynn Ricketts for her animals.

This album is dedicated in the memory of Terry Priestley.





ELECTRONICALLY SCANNED BY



CARBUNKLE

